

HER MAJESTY.  
Her majesty comes when the sun goes down  
And dangles up to her throne, my knee;  
Her royal robe is a small white gown.  
And this is her majesty's stern decree:  
"Let me know when the Sandman passes by,  
For we're going to sleep to him, you and I."  
"There was once a monarch of old," I say,  
"Who sat where the beach and the breakers  
met."  
"Roll back!" he said to the waves one day,  
"For the royal feet must not be wet!"  
But the waves rolled on. For things there  
be,  
I tell her, "that mind not majesty."  
"And silent and shy is the Sandman old,  
And never, I'm sure, since the world began,  
Has anyone seen the Sandman old."  
Or spoken a word to the kind old man;  
But perhaps, when the twilight's gold turns  
gray,  
You may see the old Sandman pass this way.  
"For your majesty's eyes are young and  
bright,  
Though mine with a clear time are dim—  
And possibly yours have a clearer sight  
Than subjects who away to a sovereign's  
whim."  
I say,  
"And speak if I see him pass this way."  
But the Sandman came! For the young eyes  
drooped,  
And the small mouth curved in a drowsy  
smile.  
Then down to her majesty's lips I stooped,  
And kissed her and whispered a prayer the  
while.  
"O Thou that giveth Thy loved ones sleep,  
This night her majesty safely keep!"  
—Edgar W. Abbott, in N. Y. Independent.

## TWO AMBITIONS.

### A Brief Tale of Life at a Frontier Army Post.

The chief and first tendency of the army, individually and collectively, is to love all new arrivals; the second and lasting one is to pick them to pieces and to backbite them.

We loved Miss Rohan with true Christian spirit when she first came to the fort. It being the headquarters of the regiment, and we having a band at our disposal, we gave her a serenade upon the night of her entrance upon military soil. The style of the serenade was largely in what our colonel called "Q minor," being his way of expressing "ultra classic." The programme had been arranged before we had had the pleasure of seeing Miss Rohan, and when we realized how entirely it was unsuited to her style, there was no time to change.

We called on her in a body the night of the day that she came, which is the delightfully barbarous custom at military posts, like a lot of savages crowding about a newly-arrived runner who brings news of the outside world. It is meant well. Most of the inane and annoying things that we do in the social body are meant well, which is their only excuse. Nobody stops to think that the travel-stained wanderer would like time to rid herself of the rubbed-in coal soot and the alkali powder of the plains that she would like the first impression to be a favorable one.

We sat within the tawdry little parlor while the band played symphonies and audeantes under the window, and we watched the drop of new blood in our stagnant veins. It was not blue blood in the least; it was hearty and red and strong; but it was the better appreciated on that account.

We were four, the bachelor officers—I mean in the room—and our room was undoubtedly doomed to become the prey of this young person. Which of us heaven had set its mark upon was not then to be guessed. Miss Rohan smiled on all alike. It was a generous smile which showed two rows of teeth rather heavily upholstered in gold. The singer and the taffy and pickled times in her very youthful days. As I see it now, in the light of cool reason, she would have made an ideal milkmaid, for she was plump and fair, her nose was crimson from exposure to the Arizona sun, her hair was an undecided blonde, and her eyes were blue and Irish blue. Also, seen in the cool light of reason, her gown was more intricate than gracefully she had on a skirt ruffled quite to the waist—a fashion, it seems, among stout women—a very large flounce, if that is the name for it, falling from the shoulder and sleeves, which were simply huge. She was very much faced, too, which may have had something to do with her florid skin. One is pretty apt to notice a woman's feet; hers were short and broad and cased in red slippers. As for her hands, they were dumpy, and the tips of her fingers were square. I learned afterward that her hands were her pride. She would sit on the front porch every morning at guard-mounting and manœuvre them. There was no hesitation in her manner nor in her voice; in fact, she spoke loudly and not always quite grammatically.

Then I looked at my three companions. There was Blake, who was tall, fair and handsome, the kind of man that women fall head over ears in love with, who stood and looked deep into their eyes as if he read therein the story of his life. He was the son of a New England farmer, of the kind called "good, plain people," and he was about as manly and whole-souled a fellow as the cavalry held.

Then there was Thomas, who was small and trim. He had enough conceit for a much bigger man, but, then, conceit is usually in inverse ratio to a man's proportions. He was of the cavalry, too, and he rode the largest horse in the garrison. As to his ancestors, they were Philadelphians, and he led one to be, of the good old Quaker stock.

Also there was Bayard. Now, he was what any man with his name should be—we all know the old motto. And he was so blue-blooded; his people were the very best that the United States affords. His mother—stern, refined, high-souled old lady—was dead and had left to him her diamonds for his future wife. It did not occur to her that he could marry beneath him, so she gave him no death-bed warnings. His father, a tall and stately old general, with huge white mustache and a fondness for good wines, still lived in Washington, where he sat in the war department all day and at the Army and Navy club all night.

Now Bayard had not much beauty of person, but he was well-built and refined to the last degree. His ambition was something unbounded; he was regimental adjutant now, and would have had almost any detail or assignment he chose to ask for. There was for him one aim to rise as high as an officer may. He would have wanted any rank, too, better than a colonel's pay.

For myself, I need no description, for I was out of the race from the first. We had a Welsh rabbit and some beer before we left. Miss Rohan liked beer, but I think she was disappointed in the rabbit.

She came upon the porch the next morning to see guard-mounting, and she brought her manœuvre set with her. If you can get use to it, a woman really looks fascinating when she sits before the world in broad daylight and "does," her nails, more especially if you happen to be one of several lone bachelors who have not looked on the face of a young woman for six months.

After guard-mounting, she went for a ride with Blake and Bayard. She sat her horse splendidly, although she did hold the reins in both hands; but that was a habit she had picked up from a riding hard-mouthed cart-horse, she skeptically explained. Blake and Bayard took luncheon with her. We sat by and bettel on the outcome.

In honor of the young lady's arrival we had a hen that night. It was quite an affair—twenty couples in all, some of the best people from the neighboring railroad town having driven over. We promptly discovered that Miss Rohan could not dance; at least, her way was not our way. She went around in a circle, which was enough to make even a soldier's head swim; but then she took it so cheerfully and sweetly when she stepped on our patent-leather pumps, and informed us so honestly that she "guessed she never had been much at dancing," that we were only too anxious to assure her that she was a perfect fairy. In course of time she came to believe it.

She had one habit which was delightful, it was so old-fashioned and quaint, she said: "Yes" and "No'm," "Yes" and "No'm," always. Capt. Grant said it was like a servant girl, but then he had just been on leave and was engaged to an eastern girl.

We thought she was very good company, and so did the garrison children. They took a violent fancy to her. She played tag and prisoner's base with them; she climbed fences and wood-piles; she sat on the top of the barns; and she rode barebacked horses around the post. And then she was such a thoroughly good-hearted girl, generous to the last degree, and such a cook!

For a long time Bayard and Blake divided the honors. Miss Rohan and she smiled on both equally. But Miss Rohan was a girl with considerable natural tendency to aim high; moreover, her married sister had an eye to the main chance. If there was one thing more than another that she hoped for, it was to see the girl Kate Bayard.

Here is the case stated plainly: Given a lieutenant of twenty-six, who is born with a fondness for feminine society, who has not had any of it for at least a year—that is, not any young feminine society; given also two women, one of them married and determined, the other unmarried and not unattractive. It needs no great wisdom to see the natural outcome. Had Bayard, just then, had one redeeming womanly influence, had he broken away for a month and gone back among his equals, or had one of his equals been a woman who would have been saved. As it was, he was left alone with his ambition and this girl.

He fell in love; therefore he lost his reasoning powers, otherwise he would have been bound to see that this woman and ambition could not both be in his life. He fell in love, and he married her. She was the daughter of diamonds of the state's old mother, as she sat on the porch at guard-mounting with her manœuvre set.

The first intimation we had of the way the wind blew in that family was when the young Mrs. Bayard sat one day on the front steps and read a copy of "Don Quixote," which she told us that "my husband" had bought for her. She was very much pleased with the gift, and took much pleasure in reading it. We noticed after that that she was most careful about breaking, biting, and cutting her bread at dinner, breakfast and luncheon, but "Don Quixote" evidently did not include any reference to manœuvre sets. I think Bayard told her about them, though, after a time, for she ceased making her appearance in public with it, but she bit her nails nervously.

I went away on leave about this time. When I came back, there was a little Bayard, which promised to look very nice. There had been a great quarrel as to the naming of the child. There were a good many quarrels now, anyway. Mrs. Bayard had liked the name of Kathleen—she said it was her mother's name, and, for my part, it seemed that it was very musical and pretty—but the father was determined upon Beatrice, with the exception, when he began to yell, that he would baptize Beatrice.

When I had gone east on my leave, Bayard had begged me to give my attention and what personal influence I had to his promotion as captain and commissary at Washington. He wanted it even worse than he did a foreign attaché post.

I saw the turn affairs had taken—that madam was growing stouter, uglier, and untidier; that she neglected even the manœuvre-set for the very noisy and unprepossessing baby; that poor Bayard's spick-and-span clothing and appearance were a thing of the past; that he looked worn and did not seem to feel at ease among his brother officers. So I carried to him some encouraging news with regard to his erstwhile desired appointment. I told him that I knew it to be a sure thing, that the enviable post in Washington would soon be his; that ere long he would again be in his native air.

An uneasy look came into his fine brown eyes. He shrunk back as his wife and the baby came into the room. For an instant his glance rested on them.

"Thank you, old fellow," he said. "I think I shall be content to pass the rest of my life on the frontier, far from the maddening crowd, you know," he added, with a choking laugh.

Poor Bayard! And this was the end. But I knew he was right, and I went away, leaving him with his future and with his wife—Gwendolen Overton, in San Francisco, Argonaut.

When He Came from Heaven.  
A little boy was looking at the stars.  
They seemed a long way off.  
"Mamma," he said, "is Heaven up there?"  
"Yes, dear."  
"Did I come from Heaven?"  
"The little boy looked up again at the stars.  
"Mamma," he said, "did God let me down easy?" —N. Y. Sun.

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Teacher—"Give me another proof that the earth is round." Fritz—"Round-trip tickets."—Eligende Blatt.

—Mollie—"Let's write a poem, Tommie." Tommie—"All right. I'll pick out the words and you arrange 'em."—Harper's Bazar.

—A soldier being asked if he met with much hospitality in Ireland, replied that he was in the hospital nearly all the time he was there.—Tit-Bits.

—That actor is a clever fellow. He can talk French, German, Italian and Spanish. "Isn't it a pity he can't talk English?"—N. Y. Herald.

—Phenomenal.—Kitty—"Mr. De Slim makes up in good looks what he lacks in brains." Jane—"He must be a phenomenal beauty."—Detroit Free Press.

—The following appears in a small provincial paper: "The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, besides many other beautiful things in cut glass."—Tit-Bits.

—Your wife takes great interest in the woman question. "She does, sir; she is so much taken up with the rights of woman that she forgets men have any."—N. Y. Press.

—Mrs. Bingo—"Can't I have a bicycle, dear?" Bingo—"Pshaw, you'd never learn." Mrs. Bingo—"Well, I've had enough practice working the sewing machine."—N. Y. Herald.

—He—"Do you know how to make good bread?" She—"O, yes; but I don't mean to when I marry." He—"To get a husband who will be rich enough to buy me cake."—Somerville Journal.

—It is more blessed to give than to receive, and the fact that so many people are willing that others should have the blessing shows that people are not so selfish as some folks would have us believe.—Boston Transcript.

—Customer—"How soon can you get my hair?" Barber—"John, run over and tell the editor if he's done editing the paper to send me my scissors. Gentleman waiting for a haircut."—Atlanta Constitution.

—Ah," said the casual caller, seeing the poet at work in the adjoining room, "the fire of genius is burning, eh?" "No," said the poet's practical wife, "I guess it is his cigarette that smells so."—Cincinnati Tribune.

—Nervous Old Lady (in saloon of steamer)—"O, steward, where do I sleep?" Steward—"What is the number of your berth, madam?" Nervous Old Lady—"I don't see what that has to do with it; but if you must know, it is third; there was a brother and sister board before me."—Tit-Bits.

—"Here's something great—simply great!" exclaimed the street fakir, as he blocked the path of a portly citizen. "Do you know, 'fat man'?" "No," said the citizen, "I belong to that class of people, sir, who object to having greatness thrust upon them."—Washington Star.

—The lady had given the small boy an apple, and he had said nothing in recognition. "What does a little boy say when he gets anything?" asked the lady, insinuatingly. He hesitated a moment. "Some little boys," he said, "say 'Thank you,' some say 'Much obliged,' and some just keeps thinkin' how much better an orange is than an apple."—Household Realm.

## THE EMPERORS OF MOROCCO.

Intuitions By Which They Are Placed Upon the Throne.

The emperors of Morocco do not succeed to the crown by right of inheritance. Theoretically they are chosen by the people from among the descendants of the Mohammedan prophet; practically they are placed upon the throne by some palace intrigue, or by the influence of some man or body of men powerful and energetic enough on the death of a sultan to seize the reins of power, to bribe the soldiery in the vicinity of the palace, to destroy, banish, or outwit the other claimants to power, and to effect the proclamation in due form of the sultan of his or their choice.

The late emperor became sovereign in no different manner from that of his predecessors. It need hardly be said that the man who interferes in the election of the monarch of Morocco risks all against all. He has to win or he fails and the rival claimant, if successful, the would-be king-maker, and all of his kith and kin, may consider themselves fortunate if they are able to escape from death and possibly from torture. The danger, however, is in the placing of a sovereign on the throne of Morocco has the strongest possible claim on the gratitude of the autocrat whom he has successfully installed in power.

How did the late sultan reward the subject who risked for him his life and possessions? Some time after his accession, when he began to feel secure upon his throne, and without even the pretense of a quarrel or an accusation, the late emperor cast this man into one of his dungeons, and there he remained until a few months ago, when he was at length released after an imprisonment of fourteen years. The motive of the crime was probably fear lest the chief who had been powerful enough to raise him to the throne might some day use his influence in favor of another.—Earl of Meath, in Nineteenth Century.

A NOONDAY REST.

The Best Preservative of Woman's Health and Beauty.

A great nerve doctor, famous in two continents, says that "every woman whose nervous strength is at all depleted, or whose life is an active one in many directions, should devote half hour to an hour of every day to absolute rest isolated from all. Her room should be darkened and orders given that she shall not be disturbed, when, with closed eyes and relaxed muscles, she shall lie prostrate, hushing herself to all busy thoughts and cares, and striving to attain to a condition of quiescence. Even ten minutes so spent will be a refreshment, and the busiest life may spare that much from its activities, since one is thus made capable of longer endurance."

The physician before quoted thought that the most convincing argument he could advance to recommend a plan of a regular noonday rest was that it is the best way known to science to brighten young eyes and retard the dreaded coming of wrinkles to the middle aged.

In this busy rush of life we all need to pause now and then to take breath. We are too busy planning for happiness in the future to enjoy life in the present. As Sydney Smith says, "We are in our search for happiness, like an absent-minded man looking for his hat, while all the time it is on his head."

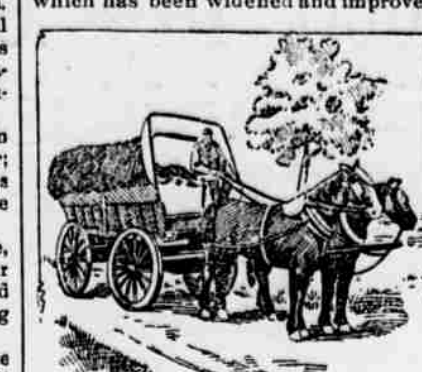
We are so busy getting ready to live, that life is over before we have time to realize what we have.—Harper's Bazar.

## AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

### PRETTY ROADSIDES.

A Wide-Awake Woman Offers Several Sensible Suggestions.

Now that the newspapers are agitating the subject of good roads, would it not be advisable to say a word in regard to roadsides? The city people advocate good roads, especially the bicycle element which is rapidly increasing. What shall we do with those who disfigure our roadsides by dumping all the refuse of their back yards and pantries, consisting of broken crockery, old tinware, tin cans, etc., by the country roadside without leave or license? One of the beautiful mountain roads leading from the neighboring city, which has been widened and improved



ROAD IN GARDEN COUNTY, N. Y.  
(A Perfect Roadway Shaded by Beautiful Trees.)

at considerable expense to the town, as it is a popular and pleasant drive, has been made such a dumping ground that, although the trees grow beautifully on either side, one can hardly find a spot of ground which is not covered with back yard refuse. If these people who consider the wide country free, would dig a hole and bury such refuse out of sight, or dump it in a hole and shovel a little earth over it, doubtless nature would soon conceal their broken treasure. But at present, it is not a pleasant sight for country people or anyone else, and this practice should be discontinued. There is very little to encourage country people to beautify their roadsides. For instance, there is a case very near home of a farmer having about half a mile of land fronting a public street, who has taken a certain amount of pride in picking up all the stones and smoothing off the land by the roadside so that it is green and level. Too level, in fact, so that people will turn down on it and drive right straight up through past the front gate, cutting deep ruts, not only during the springtime when the roads are muddy, but in the warm weather if the roads are a trifle dusty.

Of course, the people who do this have the stones dug out of holes from which they cart soil to the barnyard, or covered with heaps of stone picked up from the farm. The road is always kept in good repair, but there is a certain lawlessness about such things in the country that is discouraging to improvements, and exasperating to the best of us.—Alice E. Pinney, in Rural New Yorker.

## ROADS IN EUROPE.

How They Impressed President Adams of Cornell University.

To an American visiting Europe there is nothing more impressive than the general excellence of the roads. Their climate is more rainy than ours, and their roads, under the same conditions, would probably be even worse than those usually met with in America. But in England, in France, in Germany, and in Switzerland, everywhere one goes, the excellence of the roads is a constant source of surprise to one visiting those countries. During the last summer it was my fortune to take a long drive in the Alps. The party was made up of six persons. A coach and four horses were engaged for the trip. We were thirty-three days in the coach, and during that time we went over four of the great passes and traveled nearly a thousand miles. But the matter of chief significance to those interested in good roads is the fact that, although we drove from twenty-five to fifty miles a day for more than a month in these mountainous regions, the whole trip was done with one team of horses. No change was made, and none was needed. More than that, it was our opinion that the horses were in better condition at the end of August than they had been at the beginning of the trip, a little after the middle of July. Could there be any more significant commentary on the quality of the roads? What would be the condition of a team of horses in midsummer in America which had been driven over mountain roads at the rate of twenty-five to fifty miles a day for six days in a week?—C. K. Adams, President of Cornell University.

## When to Cut the Corn Crop.

These conclusions are deduced by Agriculturalist Curtis, of the Iowa experimental station: 1. The stover of a crop of corn reaches the highest yield and the best condition for feeding at the stage of growth indicated by a well-ripened ear and a half-dried blade. The best time for securing the crop for both corn and stover would be at the stage of ripening between the above. 2. The loss resulting from stover remaining in the field under ordinary stalk field conditions two months after ripening amounts to about one-half the dry matter and more than one-half of the total feeding value. 4. After the stover has reached the best condition for cutting, there is a rapid decline in both yield and feeding value.

More Enlightenment Needed.

The roads and highways of many of the states of the union are in such a wretched condition that the general prosperity of the country is actually impeded thereby. The whole subject is one of which there is so much ignorance that any scheme for a more comprehensive knowledge leading ultimately to better roads and highways is welcome.—N. Y. Recorder.

Everybody is Interested.

It is a mistake to suppose that only farmers are concerned in good roads. City merchants and manufacturers, who depend largely on the country for their patronage, are also interested, and ought to join in the movement.—Journal of Commerce, Chicago, Ill.

There is no prettier flower for garden or window than the geranium.

## A CORNER FOR VERSE.

### I Love You So.

I love you so, my darling, every minute  
I fashion to myself the wild, sweet pain  
Of the old hand-clasp and love's rapture in it,  
When we shall meet again.

When we shall meet again my lips will tremble  
With all their weight of love's unspoken words,  
And lips which never hearts dissemble,  
Will follow afterwards.

For such a moment would be far too full of  
splendor  
With the soul hunger flushing in the cheek,  
To trust itself to words, however tender,  
That any tongue can speak.

But heart and eyes have language that is  
mystery,  
And pierces the hushed moments through  
and through.

Filling me with your rich love realistic,  
If I may look on you.  
To look on you, oh, the sweet rapture in it!  
I wait in patience every where I go,  
And think of you, my darling, every minute,  
Because I love you so.  
—Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Record.

Song or Sigh!

When bright skies seem far away,  
Smile, and think December's May!  
When the snow falls day and night,  
Weave it into roses white!

Never mind how dark the sky,  
If you sing you'll never sigh!  
Old makes as she rolls along,  
Still makes music—sings a song!

Every bird on every tree  
Makes some sort of melody!  
Can't you sing, or can't you try?  
If you sing you'll never sigh!

Every waydike has a rose;  
Every storm a rainbow shows;  
When you see the sun decline,  
Give the stars a chance to shine!

See the sun—the stars on high—  
Sing your song and never sigh!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

Proud Mothers.

"There never, no, never, were babies like  
Cluck's proud Mother Hen, as she leads them  
about."  
Her duty and puffy and plump little  
one, sweet little chicks from the shell's prison  
out!

"Talk not of your beauties," cries vain Mother  
Mare;  
"Just look at my colt, with his rough coat of  
freckles,  
And his dear little feet, that are glad to go  
bare."

"If you want a king's treasure come peep in  
the crib,  
My baby is here!" says the queen with a  
laugh.  
"I might sing you his wonderful charms, dear,  
full-blown,  
But a year would go by, and I could not tell  
half."

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young  
People.

To My Girl.

If I should ask you to be mine,  
What would you say?  
Would you not prefer hand decline,  
And say me nay?

Or would you temporize, and say  
"No—No!" nor "Yes?"  
And have me, tortured by delays,  
To try to please?

Or would you tell me "Yes" to-day,  
You little flirt,  
And "No" to-morrow, just to play,  
To see it hurt?

Or would you grant me happiness  
For good and all,  
And make me earnest answer, "Yes,"  
Without recall?

I wish you'd tell me, dear, the truth  
Without a mask;  
For if you promise "Yes" in sooth,  
Perhaps I'd ask!

—Life.

An Unhappy Exception.

The world is full of changes; there is nothing  
here abiding:  
All things are evanescent, fleeting, transitory,  
guiding.

The earth, the sea, the sky, the stars—where'er  
the fancy ranges;  
The tooth of time forever mars—all life is full  
of changes.

Like sands upon the ocean's shore that are for-  
ever drifting,  
So all the fading specks of earth incessantly are  
shifting.

Change rules the mighty universe—there is no  
power can block it.  
There's a change in everything, alas! except a  
fellow's pocket.

—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

One More.

"Hast thou a lover," asked he,  
"O maiden of the Rhine?"  
She blushed in sweet confusion,  
And softly replied: "Nein."

He felt rebuffed and knew not  
What best to say, and then  
A sudden thought came to him;  
He pleaded: "Make it true."

—Detroit Tribune.

Twilight.

Alone, in the lane, we paused to rest,  
I and my love, when the sun went down,  
The sky was the color of the dove's soft breast,  
And the woods were brown.

Only one star shone above the tree,  
Only one bird-note thrilled the air,  
Only one thought in our hearts, as we  
Stood silent there.

But the scent of the briar was sweeter than  
word,  
And our souls had yearned through space so  
far  
That their speech was hid in the song of a bird  
And the light of a star.

And my heart was glad—though the bird note  
sweet,  
And the pulse of the spring with its promise  
of youth.

From the star to the briar—a bloom at our feet,  
Held something of tears.  
—Virginia W. Cloud, in Boston Transcript.

## Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

**Royal Baking Powder**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE

In the Adirondacks—"If you should lose your way in these woods, Jack, what would you do?" "Walk straight ahead," said Jack. "The world is round, and I'd be sure to get back home that way sooner or later."—Harper's Young People.

Stern Employer—"I hear you were at the ball game yesterday afternoon?" Office Boy—"Yes, sir." Stern Employer—"I suppose you were on the qui vive?" Office Boy—"No, sir. I was on the fence."

Everybody is Going South Now-a-Days.

The only section of the country where the farmers have made any money the past year is in the South. If you wish to change your location, go down now and see for yourself. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad and connections will sell tickets to all points South for trains of October 2, November 6 and December 4, at one fare round trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if you cannot sell your excursion tickets write to C. P. Moore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Geo. B. Hooper, D. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

There is advantage in making a good start in life, but the young man who goes to the bat with the sole ambition of knocking a sky-scraper will likely get caught out on a fly.—Young Men's Era.

Home-Seekers' Excursions.

On Sept. 11, Sept. 25 and Oct. 9 the Burlington Route will sell excursion tickets to all points in the North, West and South, west, at one fare for the round trip, plus 25 cents.

DINKLE—"Strange you should be over- come by the heat." Drinker "Great heat, man! I lost ten dollars on it."—Buffalo Courier.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

A MAN'S domestic relations do not trouble him as much as the relations of his domestic.—Truth.

ONE cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

THERE would be fewer high monuments if we had to buy them ourselves.—Syracuse Courier.

HEALTH, comfort and happiness abound in homes where "Garland" Stoves and Ranges are used.

A FLY goes just as well when he carries his wings behind him.—Press.

TAKE STEPS.

In time, if you are a sufferer from that scourge of humanity known as consumption, and you can be cured. There is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its early stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but a large percentage of cases, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do not doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of Golden Medical Discovery.

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